

# ALBERT.

He has a Long Lead in the Big Foot Race.

Cartwright, the Englishman, Out of It Altogether.

Crying Like a Baby When Forced to Give Up the Struggle.

The Mexican Going Well Next to the Leader.

Lepper Hughes Has to Give Up Because of a Sprained Ankle—Two Fights Between the Spectators in the Garden—Albert Looking Natty and Cheerful—He Makes Fast Time During the Early Morning Hours—Mrs. Noremac, Mrs. Strokel and Mrs. Albert Looking After the Wants of Their Husbands—Day Gets an Inspiring Letter From England, and Makes "Oh, My!" His War Cry—He Wins the Good Will of the Crowd—Ghosts Sullivan Keeping up His Lick by Sparring.

The following was the score at 1 o'clock P. M.:

Albert.....	159	3	Cox.....	145	5
Guerrero.....	179	—	Hegelman.....	137	8
Panchot.....	179	2	Dillon.....	138	—
Hart.....	171	7	Sullivan.....	181	7
Day.....	166	2	Sinclair.....	130	6
Moore.....	166	4	Vint.....	130	5
Golden.....	167	6	Taylor.....	125	2
Herty.....	167	6	Larkey.....	116	3
Strokel.....	160	6	Collins.....	121	3
Noremac.....	147	6	Stout.....	115	—
Connors.....	145	—	Johnson.....	106	1

Upwards of five thousand people continued their interest in pedestrianism strongly enough to attend the six-day go-as-you-please at Madison Square Garden last night, and 1,500 of them still remained in the Garden at 4 o'clock this morning.

Hoagland, Hales, Guterman, Callahan, Ranshaw, McLaughlin, Selin, Paul, Hoag, Padillo, Seward (Swenk), Munson, Stolpy, Feltis, Scherer and Winters dropped out of the race before candlelight, and as the contest narrowed down to the long-time favorites the interest in the race increased, while the audience also narrowed down to the enthusiasts in the sport. The men still remaining on the track received frequent recognition from their friends and admirers in the amphitheatre.

During the evening there were several smart brushes between the men, Guerrero and the English champion, Cartwright, engaging in them most frequently, for Cartwright had complained during the morning that Guerrero had fouled him and almost crowded him off the track.

The Greaser took great glee in pestering the English visitor, who had boasted a good deal before the race. It was plain that the Mexican was more than a match for Cartwright in running, and the Mustang repeatedly discomfited him, although his general average was equal to that of Guerrero, as he was a much steadier worker, seldom leaving the track or wasting any energy in throwing himself to the ladies or indulgence in the other phases of the game.

At 8:45 P. M. the Englishman left the track, his opponent at the time carrying a huge bouquet sent him on the track by a lady admirer. At this time Cartwright had scored 105 miles 4 laps and Guerrero 116 miles. Cartwright was soon after reported as feeling ill, and after an hour it was rumored that he had gone to his hotel, the Putnam House, at 15 East Twenty-seventh street, visited Cartwright. He found the plucky Englishman bleeding at the lungs, with a bad case of inflammation of the lungs upon him. He told the visitor that he must not go back to the track, adding: "If you go on the track again it will be at the penalty of your life. I will not be answerable for the result."

After Cartwright cried like a baby and moaned pitifully, at 9 o'clock, having slept four hours, he insisted on going back to the Garden, declaring that he was "all right." Under the protests of his backer, Eugene Cuminsky, and trainers, Jimmy Emery and George Goray, Cartwright put on his English cape topcoat—he still wore his walking suit—and walked over to his hut in the Garden. The bleeding began again, but he ignored it, and after an hour in the vain endeavor to right himself he was obliged to return to his bed at the Putnam and give up the race.

Meantime the midnight hour had been reached, and those who had failed to cover the 100 miles necessary to keep them in the race, retired, tired out, disgusted and discouraged.

Twenty-five men had scored the coveted 100 miles, and of these Parson Tilly, the Guelph dominie, Johnson and Moran retired after another hour on the track. Lepper Hughes stopped at midnight, having made eighty-one miles on a sprained ankle, and Curran, 89; Keshaw, 89; Newbach, 84 and Bennett, 81, were forced out.

The score at midnight, which finished the first day of the race, was as follows: Hart, 130.3; Albert, 130; Guerrero, 123; Golden, 126.3; Panchot, 125; Herty, 122; Day, 118.2; Moore, 116.1; Hegelman, 112.1; Cox, 110; Cartwright, 105.4; Sullivan, 102.2; Connors, 102; Strokel, 102; Sullivan, 101.2; Tilly, 100.7; Stout, 101.1; Atwood, 100.5; Noremac, 103.3; Taylor, 100.2; Sinclair, 100.1; Johnson, 100.2; Stout, 100.1; Larkey, 100; Johnson, 100.

Those who remained were decked with horseshoes, anchors, wreaths and other devices in bright-hued flowers by their friends, and the second day began with twenty-five men on the track.

simply hard work. Jimmie Albert alone, serving his natty appearance and cheerful face. He was the leader all through the night, and rested in his bunk from 11.02 to 1.47 only.

At 3 o'clock only Albert, Connors, Noremac, Herty, Larkey, Golden, Sullivan, Dillon, Cox, Strokel, Sinclair and Hart were on the track.

Albert ran six miles and four laps in the hour between 4 and 5 o'clock and was roundly cheered by the handful of spectators left. At 7 o'clock he did a mile in seven minutes following it with another in eight minutes. His friends were wild with enthusiasm at this performance.

The work of the men during the last half of the night may be summarized as follows:

SCORE FROM 1 TO 6 A. M.											
NAME	1 A. M.	2 A. M.	3 A. M.	4 A. M.	5 A. M.	6 A. M.	7 A. M.	8 A. M.	9 A. M.	10 A. M.	11 A. M.
Albert.....	130.0	141.4	137.4	142.6	148.5	153.8					
Guerrero.....	149.0	158.0	152.0	157.0	162.0	167.0					
Panchot.....	124.7	128.1	126.2	131.3	136.4	141.5					
Hart.....	130.3	132.0	129.8	134.4	139.5	144.6					
Day.....	119.3	120.0	117.0	122.1	127.2	132.3					
Herty.....	119.3	120.0	117.0	122.1	127.2	132.3					
Strokel.....	121.3	122.0	119.0	124.1	129.2	134.3					
Guerrero.....	121.3	122.0	119.0	124.1	129.2	134.3					
Connors.....	120.0	120.2	117.0	122.1	127.2	132.3					
Golden.....	119.0	119.1	116.0	121.1	126.2	131.3					
Sinclair.....	119.0	119.1	116.0	121.1	126.2	131.3					
Sullivan.....	102.2	102.4	100.1	105.2	110.3	115.4					
Larkey.....	102.2	102.4	100.1	105.2	110.3	115.4					
Stout.....	102.2	102.4	100.1	105.2	110.3	115.4					
Collins.....	102.2	102.4	100.1	105.2	110.3	115.4					
Cox.....	102.2	102.4	100.1	105.2	110.3	115.4					
Taylor.....	102.2	102.4	100.1	105.2	110.3	115.4					
Johnson.....	102.2	102.4	100.1	105.2	110.3	115.4					

SCORE FROM 7 TO 12 A. M.						
Name.	7 A. M.	8 A. M.	9 A. M.	10 A. M.	11 A. M.	12 M.
Albert .....	158.8	164.0	170.0	175.8	178.3	183.6
Guerrero.....	149.2	154.9	160.2	165.9	169.0	174.0

At 9.15 Hegelman entered a coupe at the Fourth avenue entrance and went to a Russian bath. His trainers have been reluctant regarding his condition, and his friends on the outside are losing faith in him. Nat Goodwin and Jere Dunn have a good deal of money wagered on Hegelman.

Together with the exhibiting act, an accompaniment of music to lead, because last night Police Capt. Reilly called on Manager Hall and warned him that he was violating the law in furnishing music and selling liquor together, and Manager Hall concluded that there was more money in drinks than in music, and the band was dismissed.

It may be interesting to compare the record of the great Fitzgerald race in Madison Square Garden in April, 1934, with the present race on the twenty-four hour scores:

There were forty-four starters in that race. The first three were as follows: Rowell, 135; Fitzgerald, 126; Sam Day, 120; Panchot, 123; Noremac, 120; Herty, 120; Vint, 115; Elson, 113.

Fitzgerald won the race and made the record of 610 miles, which he never lost. He was beaten, and for beating which \$1,000 was offered by the management of this week's race.

Jordan, who left the track at 1.32 A. M., was permitted to sleep until daylight, when it was found that his right knee was badly swollen and inflamed. So great was his distress that his other work was out of the question and he finally retired from the race at 9 o'clock this morning. He had scored 105 miles, 2 laps.

The men put on heavy knit shirts or blouses and heavy trousers, and during the morning, for the air in the Garden was chilly and moist. The seats in the galleries were filled chiefly by men and boys who found it easier to sleep there than to go home, and there was much enthusiasm. There were no events during these hours, the men keeping up easy gates but never sprinting.

At 10.15 a well-dressed and rather pretty woman brought a basket of flowers to the garden and handed it to Dillon, whereupon that yellow-haired, cadaverous-faced man of thirty-five years did three turns around the track at a smart run. People who were weary clapped their hands and the slumberers roused up enough to discern the cause of their awakening, at which they scowled reproachfully and went to sleep again.

PROCLAIMED TOO MUCH FOR CARTWRIGHT. George Cartwright lay in his bed in room 228 at the Putnam House this morning a very sick man. He was more distressed at heart than physically, however, if that were possible, and shortly after breakfast he was taken to the American field. To an EVENING WORLD reporter Cartwright said, mournfully:

"Your climate is quite different from that of England, and I am not used to it. I am always cold. I trained at Coney Island, and the mercury was at zero part of the time. I caught an awful cold two weeks ago, and it settled on my lungs."

He thought he would throw it off, though. I walked from Coney Island to the Polo Grounds in New York one day, and when I got to Evergreen Cemetery on my way back, I was so weak and sick that I could not go home. It was very cold that day, the mercury standing at 6 degrees. I was not used to it and the cold struck in deeper.

I felt all right when I started Sunday night, but shortly after midnight I had a long breath was out of the question. Then I had to take short rests every little while, and I was weaker every time I returned to the track.

I had intended to run a waiting race, and I have not done the best I could at any time during my run. I wanted to go again, and did try, but I found that I must obey Dr. Smith and rest in the word that I had withdrawn at 3 o'clock this morning."

Cartwright was much distressed by his breakdown and blue over his failure. He never has been the same before.

All the men were on the track at 11 A. M. except Johnson and Hegelman.

Bobby Vint's right thumb was dislocated in a scuffle with Desney (Larkey), the California and trainer, yesterday, and he was much pained from it to-day. His big head bobs serenely, though, and he is still full of pluck.

Strokel, who looked weary at the start, took a steady, strong race, and he kept his friends this morning. "Never fear, I am going to beat Fitzgerald's record, and you can bet I will." He keeps up an even dog-trot.

Sinclair is the last of the Englishmen on the track, but he is fresh. He says that he will redeem the credit of his country.

Wyatt Collins, the long and lank-shinned baselinet, has a tired-looking expression on his hollow, lugubrious face, but he keeps pegging away at the laps.

Connors, the wee bit of an Englishman, even out in a clear new sign of white teeth, and he is looking up at the Garden at 11.20 A. M. and did a thriving business, their big bundles of papers going like the proverbial hot cakes. At noon the spectacle presented itself of a whole audience reading THE EVENING WORLD.

men of his race and a dozen white men of sporting mood.

Sam Day is becoming more and more a favorite with those who know a pedestrian when they see him.



IN THE BOXES.

Mrs. Jimmy Albert, a handsome woman of full habit, bright and cheerful in appearance, looks after the wants of her husband and receives courteous attention from all the trainers and employees of the Garden. She looks upon her husband with loving, admiring eyes and encourages him with kind words.

At 9.15 Hegelman entered a coupe at the Fourth avenue entrance and went to a Russian bath. His trainers have been reluctant regarding his condition, and his friends on the outside are losing faith in him. Nat Goodwin and Jere Dunn have a good deal of money wagered on Hegelman.

Together with the exhibiting act, an accompaniment of music to lead, because last night Police Capt. Reilly called on Manager Hall and warned him that he was violating the law in furnishing music and selling liquor together, and Manager Hall concluded that there was more money in drinks than in music, and the band was dismissed.

It may be interesting to compare the record of the great Fitzgerald race in Madison Square Garden in April, 1934, with the present race on the twenty-four hour scores:

There were forty-four starters in that race. The first three were as follows: Rowell, 135; Fitzgerald, 126; Sam Day, 120; Panchot, 123; Noremac, 120; Herty, 120; Vint, 115; Elson, 113.

Fitzgerald won the race and made the record of 610 miles, which he never lost. He was beaten, and for beating which \$1,000 was offered by the management of this week's race.

Jordan, who left the track at 1.32 A. M., was permitted to sleep until daylight, when it was found that his right knee was badly swollen and inflamed. So great was his distress that his other work was out of the question and he finally retired from the race at 9 o'clock this morning. He had scored 105 miles, 2 laps.

The men put on heavy knit shirts or blouses and heavy trousers, and during the morning, for the air in the Garden was chilly and moist. The seats in the galleries were filled chiefly by men and boys who found it easier to sleep there than to go home, and there was much enthusiasm. There were no events during these hours, the men keeping up easy gates but never sprinting.

At 10.15 a well-dressed and rather pretty woman brought a basket of flowers to the garden and handed it to Dillon, whereupon that yellow-haired, cadaverous-faced man of thirty-five years did three turns around the track at a smart run. People who were weary clapped their hands and the slumberers roused up enough to discern the cause of their awakening, at which they scowled reproachfully and went to sleep again.

PROCLAIMED TOO MUCH FOR CARTWRIGHT. George Cartwright lay in his bed in room 228 at the Putnam House this morning a very sick man. He was more distressed at heart than physically, however, if that were possible, and shortly after breakfast he was taken to the American field. To an EVENING WORLD reporter Cartwright said, mournfully:

"Your climate is quite different from that of England, and I am not used to it. I am always cold. I trained at Coney Island, and the mercury was at zero part of the time. I caught an awful cold two weeks ago, and it settled on my lungs."

He thought he would throw it off, though. I walked from Coney Island to the Polo Grounds in New York one day, and when I got to Evergreen Cemetery on my way back, I was so weak and sick that I could not go home. It was very cold that day, the mercury standing at 6 degrees. I was not used to it and the cold struck in deeper.

I felt all right when I started Sunday night, but shortly after midnight I had a long breath was out of the question. Then I had to take short rests every little while, and I was weaker every time I returned to the track.

I had intended to run a waiting race, and I have not done the best I could at any time during my run. I wanted to go again, and did try, but I found that I must obey Dr. Smith and rest in the word that I had withdrawn at 3 o'clock this morning."

Cartwright was much distressed by his breakdown and blue over his failure. He never has been the same before.

All the men were on the track at 11 A. M. except Johnson and Hegelman.

Bobby Vint's right thumb was dislocated in a scuffle with Desney (Larkey), the California and trainer, yesterday, and he was much pained from it to-day. His big head bobs serenely, though, and he is still full of pluck.

Strokel, who looked weary at the start, took a steady, strong race, and he kept his friends this morning. "Never fear, I am going to beat Fitzgerald's record, and you can bet I will." He keeps up an even dog-trot.

Sinclair is the last of the Englishmen on the track, but he is fresh. He says that he will redeem the credit of his country.

Wyatt Collins, the long and lank-shinned baselinet, has a tired-looking expression on his hollow, lugubrious face, but he keeps pegging away at the laps.

Connors, the wee bit of an Englishman, even out in a clear new sign of white teeth, and he is looking up at the Garden at 11.20 A. M. and did a thriving business, their big bundles of papers going like the proverbial hot cakes. At noon the spectacle presented itself of a whole audience reading THE EVENING WORLD.

When the 12 o'clock score was taken Sin-

clair and Dillon were in their booths being rubbed by their trainers.

"Old Man" Elson, the Meriden photographer, who gave out last night after having tramped ninety-three miles, was quite discomfited when he put up his photographing camera as security for his \$25 entrance fee, and begged this morning to be permitted to go on the track again, offering to walk the race to regain his security. He was given a chance. He resumed his journey at noon. He was fresh as a daisy and declared his belief that he could overtake the leaders. In a short time, however, he gave it up and retired.

At 12.30 experts, whose experienced eyes have critically watched the pedestrians from the start, shook their heads mysteriously when the chances of Sam Day were mentioned. They had noticed that Day was knocking his knees together dizzily and expected that he would drop out of the race in a few hours more.

Manager Hall has obtained an amendment to his license, so that the music may play again to-night.

## SIX CENTS' WORTH OF LARCENY.

A Row Between Insurance Men Ends in the Arrest of a Paterson Singer.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.) PATERSON, N. J., Feb. 7.—Fred W. Tansney, a well-known singer in this city, and assistant to the local superintendent of the Prudential Insurance Company, was put under \$800 by Justice Dimond to-day for the alleged larceny of three premium receipt books from the office of Freeman Strait, an agent who had just severed his connection with the company.

The books cost six cents, but Strait claims that they were of great value to persons assured through him.

Tansney said he was instructed by his superior to secure the books.

## WONG CHIN FOO AND CANADA.

The Dominion Government Looking Into His Claim for \$25,000 Damages.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.) OTTAWA, Ont., Feb. 7.—The Dominion Government is now looking into the case of Wong Chin Foo, a Chinaman who, as an American citizen, has entered an action for \$25,000 damages against the Canadian Government for having sent him in bond from Clifton to Kingston with a tag attached to his person in November last, under the provisions of the Chinese Exclusion Act.

Wong Chin Foo, a man of letters and a scientist, visited Canada for the purpose of securing a passport to visit his native land, but he was exempt from the duty to which he was subjected.

He also asked that a day be fixed for an examination. As he understood it, the case was the exact counterpart of that which was decided by the Supreme Court in the Sullivan-Greenfield exhibition. Judge Barrett held that it was an exhibition with gloves, and not a prize fight, and that the case was decided in favor of the defendant.

Justice Power set the case down for Tuesday, the 14th, at 10 A. M., and Mr. Fox was allowed to depart on his own recognizances.

To an EVENING WORLD reporter Lawyer H. H. Fox said that he was not in the case, but that he was a witness to the whole matter and received no stakes. At any rate, the match was stated to be a combination of the rules of the Canadian and London Prize Ring rules and require the use of gloves.

He will produce the original articles of agreement in the examination, he said, to show that the contest is not to be a prize fight and in no sense a violation of the law.

The little lawyer intimated that the prosecution is an outgrowth of Mr. Fox's trouble with his editors.

\* Capt. Philip Cassidy, of the Klondike Street Station, will interest the readers of THE EVENING WORLD to-morrow with a story of adventure when he was stationed on the west side.

## BIG FIRE AT VALLEY STREAM.

H. Elsworth Craft's Large General Store Burned to the Ground.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.) WOODBURY, L. I., Feb. 7.—The large floor, feed and general hardware store belonging to H. Elsworth Craft, at Valley Stream, caught fire at 6.45 o'clock last evening.

An alarm brought people from every direction. They used what means were at hand to save the building, but their efforts were unavailing.

Charles Schrieber broke in a window with a sledge, and, jumping into the burning room, succeeded in securing a desk which he supposed contained the books of the store.

An examination of Mr. Craft's book this morning showed that the books of the concern are missing.

The alarm was sent to Rescue Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, which responded with a will, although it had more than two miles to travel. Although the mud was hush deep, the company was on hand in less than forty-five minutes after receiving the alarm.

The men went to work with their buckets. They succeeded in reducing the flames on the floor, so that they could use their ladders. In this way they saved considerable property.

Mr. Craft came very near meeting his death inside the burning building. As soon as he learned that it was on fire he rushed in, and being quite weak from recent sickness he fainted.

This morning he is in rather a critical condition, although the doctor said that he would be all right in a few days.

The building was insured in the German-American Insurance Company. The exact amount could not be learned, as the policy was among the papers burned.

The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin.

## RICHARD K. FOX ARRESTED.

CHARGED BY INSPECTOR WILLIAMS WITH ABETTING PRIZE-FIGHTING.

The Complaint Based on the Announcement That He Was Stakeholder in the Early-Davis Match—Released on His Own Recognizance Pending Examination—Hints That His Ex-Editors Caused the Arrest.

Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the Police Gazette, was arrested this morning, charged with a violation of section 460 of the Penal Code, in aiding and abetting prize-fighting.

He was the prisoner of Inspector Alexander S. Williams, who was also the complainant in the case. The complaint was based on an article which appeared in Saturday's Police Gazette, announcing the making of a match